

# THE BANNER-ENTERPRISE

SMITH WEBB & WILLIAMSON.

"GOD WILL HELP THOSE WHO TRY TO HELP THEMSELVES."

Editors and Publishers.

VOL. III.

RALEIGH, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1883.

NO. 11.

## WHATSEEDSHALL WE SOW?

A wonderful thing is a seed.  
The one thing deathless forever!  
The one thing changeless—eternity true,  
Forever old and forever new,  
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, blessings will bloom;  
Plant hate, and hate will grow;  
You can sow to-day, to-morrow will bring  
The blossom that proves what sort of thing  
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

## PENRYN'S WARD.

"I don't want to seem impertinent, old fellow, but I should really like to know how you happened to do it? I should, by Jove!"

"Got married, you mean?"

"Why, yes; you were old enough—"

"To know better, eh?" interrupted

Larry Penryn, knocking the ashes

off his cigar.

"Precisely," answered his friend;

"and you see, nobody expected it of

you, because you were always so cer-

tain of remaining a bachelor, and

gave everybody your word for it."

"When I said I should die a

bachelor, I did not think I should live

to be married," quoted Penryn, yet

with a reflected cast in his eye to

satisfy one that something more

rational was to be expected.

It was a cool night, and there was

confidence burning in the coals upon

the hearth, and the two men sitting

beside it, with the tobacco between

them, were old cronies. Time and cir-

cumstances had drifted in between

them, but for this one night, at least,

they were together again, and sat talk-

ing as women are said to talk to each

other of the hidden life, but as only

men can, because of common morals,

common manners and common follies.

"I really could not help it, Tom,"

said Penryn, looking hard into the

fire. "It really seemed the only thing

to do at the time."

It was rather a strange reason to

give for so grave an event, but looking

into the calm, strong face of the man

—taking into consideration the mas-

sive, intellectual brow, the firm, yet

tender mouth, one might know that it

could be nothing less than worthy a

true and honorable gentleman, how-

ever anomalous in form.

"You want to know all about it?"

at last, he said, with a laugh, and

blowing up a fog of blue smoke

around him he settled deeper in his

armchair as if the story were not a

short one. "Well, to begin with, my

wife is the daughter of Halstead Scot,

whom you doubtless remember."

Now, indeed, did blank surprise sit

upon the countenance of Penryn's

friend, who did remember Halstead

Scot, whose stupendous rascality and

breach of trust had convulsed a city,

and of whose miserable self-murder

the world yet talked about.

"I do not wonder that you are sur-

prised that I should have married the

daughter of such a man, especially as

that man was not supposed to have a

daughter up to the hour of his death;

but hear the story, and reserve your

judgment until you get the case.

"About six months previous to Scot's

suicide, when his irregular practice

was only being hinted at, softly, among

the knowing ones, he came to my office

one day and wanted me to join him in

the prosecution of some cotton claims

against the government.

"I thought it rather queer that a

man in his position should approach

me—scarcely a full-fledged barrister—

with propositions of such magni-

tude, but, more out of curiosity than

any actual idea of taking hold of the

matter, I asked for time to look into

the case.

"The papers were old, yellow, appar-

ently without a flaw, and involving

millions of dollars, yet I concluded that,

in justice to my own clients, I could

not undertake to work in the case.

The next thing that came was Scot's

suicide, and the papers rang with his

attempts, fraud, his forgery and the

complaints of the people whose moneys

he had held in trust and speculated

away. At this point in the unhappy

man's history, my real connection with

him began. The morning following his

death there came to me, through the

mails, a letter—reading something

in this wise:

"LARRY PENRYN—I believe you

are an honest man. I therefore give

you enclosed papers into your keeping,

feeling sure that the secret they con-

tain will be safe with you, and that

you will protect from all painful

knowledge the being whose life they

so vitally concern.

(Signed), HALSTEAD SCOT."

"Now comes the most singular part

of the story. The papers enclosed were

a certificate of marriage between Hal-

stead Scot and Gabrielle Wyndham;

government bonds to the amount of

thirty thousand dollars, registered in

the name of Gabrielle Scot, and the

necessary directions for finding that

person.

"Two days later there came to me

another letter, written in a cramped,

old-fashioned and feminine style, from

which, as I opened it, there fell out a

printed slip cut from some newspaper,

and giving an account of Scot's un-

happy end. The letter itself was scant

of words and ceremony, and briefly

stated that Scot had informed the

writer that in case of his death, I was

to act as Miss Gabrielle's guardian, and

requesting earnestly that I would see

my ward at my earliest convenience,

and this letter was signed—Patience

Wyndham.

"Fortunately for my curiosity and

the exigencies of the case, I could get

away from town just at that particular

time, and as there really seemed no

way of decently abandoning the trust

without betraying the dead man's

confidence, I started off at once.

"It was a romantic little country place

at which I found them, with moun-

tains all around the half-hundred of

houses; the church, the store, the

tavern that formed the village, and

near a little waterfall, that was a

waterfall, not because some fellow

with an eye for picturesque effect had

built a dam across its course, but be-

cause there was an abrupt descent in

the rock at that point, I found Miss

Patience Wyndham's house.

"I had fetched her letter with me,

and upon sending it in with my name,

I was immediately admitted to the

presence of a stately dame, whose at-

tire was copied from some Quaker

ancestress, and whose very counte-

nance and manner bespoke her name.

Patience. She asked me a great many

questions about Halstead Scot, which

I could not answer with the meager,

unpleasant truths that formed my

stock of knowledge respecting the

man, and then it came her turn to

talk. She told me that years ago,

when she was but eighteen, her

mother died, leaving her at the head

of her father's household. In one year

after her father married again, and

fifteen months later both he and the

new wife had gone the way of all flesh,

leaving Patience, at twenty, alone in

the world, with an infant sister three

months old to care for, and an income

that only, with the strictest economy,

could be made adequate to their needs.

"Well, for twenty years this woman,

putting her youth and everything that

is natural to it under her feet, was

mother, sister, everything to Gabrielle,

who grew from babyhood into a lovely

girl, doing only 'her duty' with uncon-

sistent heroism, and giving me the

record as if it were something scarcely

worthy the telling, only that it was

necessary to explain.

"As I said before, the child grew up

to be a lovely girl, fair and graceful,

pure and good, and the faithful sister

found all recompense now for what at

first must have been all sacrifice, in

this only thing of kindred blood left

her.

"At length there came a young law-

yer one summer-time to fish and hunt

in that quiet country place, and before

Miss Patience quite came to realize the

heart of her sister-child

was won from her, and the couple

were married.

"To make a long story short,

this young lawyer was Halstead Scot.

Six months he spent hap-

pily with his young wife, then he

went away, and, although he wrote

her occasionally, he forbade her always

to join him, and so the fair, frail crea-

ture faded day by day, until the hour

when her baby came struggling into

life, and then shut her weary eyes for

ever on a world wherein she had grown

so sadly tired—wherein she had learned

the bitterness of unfiled graves, and

death that renders not unto dust—and

Patience Wyndham was once more

left to fill the mother's office to a worse

than orphaned child.

"Fifteen years passed, and, stirred

by a feeling of remorse, by a remem-

berance of his old romance or what not,

Scot came once more to the little vil-

lage under the mountains. He refused

to see his daughter, and told Miss Wy-

ndham enough of his own career to satisfy

her that it was wisest so. The week

following his visit, a pure white

monument, in form of a broken column,

was erected over his wife's grave, and

every six months during the remainder

of his life there came regularly a

certain sum of money to Miss Wynd-

ham for the support of the young

Gabrielle.

"This was the whole of the story,

as that sweet old saint told it to me,

and naturally I grew extremely anxious

to see the child of romance, over whom

I was so singularly appointed

guardian.

"The child does not know her

father's history," said Miss Patience,

"and I could wish she might remain al-

ways in happy ignorance of it," and

then the child came.

"She was fair-haired, slight, blue-

eyed, graceful, shy, with nothing of

her father about her in appearance or

characteristics, and after a few days I

came home, not in love with my ward,

as you suspect, but thinking her a

pure, innocent child, wonderfully born

of such a father, and really not dis-

satisfied with my guardianship.

"In fact, my charge was no burden

to me while Miss Patience lived, and

the thirty thousand dollars made all

clear for the future, I imagined, with

a man's wonderful understanding of a

man's needs; and so for three years,

placidity the time went on; then there

came a note from Gabrielle herself,

announcing the serious illness of her

aunt, and I went hastily away into

the country.

"I found Miss Wyndham dying; her

noble days of life were almost told,

and there will be few whiter robes in

heaven than that she wears. She had

no fear for herself in that passing away;

only a great thought, reaching out

into the future, for the young girl

whom she must leave alone in a world

where even her saintly eyes had seen

much sadder good than true.

"I promised all that I could, and

while the dying woman seemed to

trust me, she understood better than I

how little equal to the protection of a

young girl's life an unmarried man can

be, and was but half-satisfied when the

final moment came.

"Poor Gabrielle was distracted; she

clung to me as to a brother. I pitied

her, but I pitied myself more, because

she took no thought, and I did, of the

future which now loomed up before

me like a terrible problem, to which

the thirty thousand dollars offered not

the slightest clew of solution.

"What to do with her now I did not

know. I had no near female relative;

I had not even the traditional old

nurse to help me out of the dilemma.

My business was suffering from neglect,

and yet I could not leave this clinging

grief-stricken girl alone and unsettled

in this first space of her desolation.

"I finally determined to ask a

widow lady, who was a distant relative

of